

## Preacher's 70% Grocery Will Not Close, He Says

The Rev. Dr. Mattice, Forced to Resign by Pressure of Other Work, Declares Association Will Continue.

### TELLS HOW HE MANAGED UNIQUE STORE

Letters from Many Parts of the World Have Been Received Inquiring the Result of Clergyman's Co-operative Experiment.

IT was not unusual for members of our club to realize six hundred or seven hundred per cent on their original investment.

In that way, Dr. Mattice, pastor of the Westchester Presbyterian Church, formerly described the success of the co-operative store he has conducted for two years. There was a note of regret in the use of the past tense, for the preacher has withdrawn from the enterprise, and it is likely to be discontinued if some one is not found to take his place, which is difficult, for the Rev. Dr. Mattice served as manager, clerk and general factotum without salary.

"It is labor for others," Dr. Mattice explained of his pastorage yesterday, "and unless you can find a clergyman or a school teacher, or some one like that, such things are usually neglected. I, of course, cannot allow my ministerial work to suffer, and I have long been anxious to devote time to literary and educational work, and that is impossible with the duties of the office. If you will call it such, although it is not a store, but an association of club members for the benefit of all."

The church over which Dr. Mattice rules is one of the largest and most beautiful in Westchester. It is on the road leading to Throgs Neck, where many wealthy families have country places, and engages attention because of its commanding situation on the hill beyond the village proper, and because of the tall trees and attractive foliage that lend to the large brick edifice the appearance of age and dignity.

All Sects Admitted. In one corner of the church property is a small building which has been a home for the store, although Dr. Mattice is careful to explain that the enterprise has had no connection with the congregation and that the use of the building is merely an evidence of the generosity of the church trustees.

"Our club members included," explained the preacher manager, "those of many sects and of no sect at all. Catholics, Episcopalians or unbelievers were free to partake of the benefits. I intended to keep the store for profit, and I am sure there would be many more such organizations if the principle were generally understood."

"That the idea interests many and is spreading is demonstrated by the numerous inquiries I have had since our little affair became known. I have had letters from nearly all over the world asking me to explain the workings of our club. These I have answered as best I could, but the only thing necessary is to have a manager of some business ability who is willing to devote his time to its affairs."

I have had so many offers of one sort or another that I believe I could make a comfortable living merely organizing these co-operative affairs. Churches have asked me to start a store for them. One man wanted to go into an elaborate store, and a newspaper desired me to form a club among its readers and conduct a department store for their benefit."

As Dr. Mattice told these things he spoke with all the ease and confidence of a subject close at heart, for the esteemed pastor of the Westchester Presbyterian Church is an enthusiast on the subject of co-operation as applied to daily practical life. He once gave his time to a co-operative school of stenography because he had learned that some of his young parishioners wished to fit themselves for business life, and that, too, was successful, as the desired knowledge was gained at a minimum cost. It is not irrelevant to state here that the clergyman is also manager of a circulating library and of more than one other enterprise devoted to the welfare, spiritual, mental or material, of his neighbors.

Membership Secret. To the question, "Who are in the club and how was it formed?" came this unexpected answer: "That is a secret. We have never told who our members are nor how many we have nor much about it, for I believe that such an affair is peculiarly a personal matter and no intimate discussion of it is not good."

## HOTEL RAVAGED BY LOVE GERMS

Amazing List of Victims Makes the Survivors Wonder Who Will Be the Next.

CHICAGO, Ill., Saturday.—A brand new epidemic is ravaging the Hotel Luzerne, on the north side. Science has been powerless to impede its progress.

The new microbe responsible for the widespread ailment has been named the bacillus matrimonialis. Within a few months the victims have been many, including a number of well known bachelors and widowers north of the river. Those who so far have escaped infection are in constant fear of falling victims to the germs, which apparently fill the air. None seems immune and the antidote remains yet to be discovered.

Among the patrons of the Luzerne who recently succumbed to the epidemic are Charles K. Petcher, Charles M. Gibson, Albert L. Stevenson, Arthur R. Dillon, Albert H. Stenzer and Dr. Harry A. Brown.

Besides these, the bacillus—as the germ responsible for the affection is sometimes styled—has attacked three of the hotel's engineers, several minor employees, and William Klein, the pharmacist's chief assistant.

The last case was Tuesday afternoon when Dr. Harry A. Brown, of Long Pine Neck, was united by the Rev. Dr. A. M. Freeman, of No. 4th Dearborn avenue, to Mrs. Gloria Gibson, of San Francisco, Cal., widow of an army officer.

Dr. Brown first met the young widow on the Pacific Coast immediately after his return from the Philippines, where he had been an army surgeon. Mrs. Gibson recently visited this city. Last week she renewed her acquaintance with Dr. Brown. Monday afternoon the physician told Mrs. Gibson that he was going to return to his Nebraska home the next day and asked her to become his wife. She consented and they were married after a day's engagement.

Only two of their friends were in the secret of the union, and when they returned to the hotel and spread the dread news that two more victims had succumbed to the bacillus matrimonialis, consternation was expressed by the faces of the remaining unmarried male folk.

## COLONEL HERRICK BUILDS LIBRARY IN PARENTS' MEMORY



MARY H. HERRICK.

The Library Building stands on the site of the old American House, which in former days was known as Wadsworth's Inn.

WELLSINGTON, Ohio, Saturday.—It is about two years since Timothy R. Herrick, father of Colonel Myron T. Herrick, republican candidate for Governor, died; and now there has been completed here a beautiful memorial library building, which Colonel Herrick has erected in memory of his parents, and which he expects to turn over to the Library Trustees of the village soon.

The building is of brick, trimmed with stone. The roof is of tile. The interior is handsomely finished in black oak, and the book racks are ready for the transfer of the books from the present library room, which is in the Town Hall.

## TRAITS OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB SHOWN BY ANECDOTES

Good Stories of the Former Head of the Steel Trust Both Before and After He Became Mr. Carnegie's Right Hand Man.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has been credited with finding Charles M. Schwab, but it was Captain W. R. Bradstock who discovered him and it was Captain Jones who introduced him to Mr. Carnegie.

Schwab was eighteen years old when he went to work in the mill at \$2 a week. He didn't drive stakes very long. In six months he was an assistant engineer, and even Captain Jones marveled at his thorough knowledge of the workings of the plant. It wasn't long until Schwab was chief engineer. He was only a rosy cheeked boy, clean cut and smiling and known to every man in the mill as "Smiling Charlie."

At that time the Bradstock plant was being torn up and cast on to the scrap heap. Captain Jones was carrying new ideas into effect. The steel industry was making progress by leaps and bounds. Frequently new machinery was installed to take the place of old and at a cost of thousands of dollars, only to be abandoned in a few weeks, when a greater improvement was adopted.

Andrew Carnegie was living in Eighth street, Pittsburgh ten miles away. He was in touch with what was going on at Bradstock and occasionally called Captain Jones to Pittsburgh to get a report. Captain Jones told him the story of getting out of the mill and of going out to Pittsburgh, and he was so much interested in the story that he didn't mind going to see him. He said "the cars were too slow" and "he didn't have time."

Carnegie one day, "I think I can fix this matter without wasting my time. I've a young fellow named Schwab, and he knows as much about the plant as I do. I'll send him down to report to you and you'll tell me what you think of him."

All right, Carnegie, I'd like to meet Mr. Schwab," said Mr. Carnegie.

Schwab had never seen Mr. Carnegie, but when Captain Jones told him to go to Pittsburgh and tell Mr. Carnegie what they were doing he started off with a confident air. He entered the steel king's presence unembarrassed and related with accuracy and enthusiasm his story of the immense operations of Bradstock. Mr. Carnegie was astounded. He marvelled at the youth's efficiency. Bringing his own wide experience into play, he endeavored to tangle Schwab, but the latter was too sure of his point and in his boyish, comprehensive style called Mr. Carnegie's attention to the facts.

"Why, the boy carried me off my feet," Mr. Carnegie said some years afterward. "He told me what was being done, how it was being done and why it was being done. He was very, very refreshing."

After they had talked "shop" for several hours young Schwab picked up his hat and started to go.

"Oh, you must play for me," said Mr. Carnegie when they had reached the door. "I almost forgot."

"I'm afraid I don't play very well," said Schwab, "but I'll do the best I can." He played the old songs—the ones that had been popular in Ohio, Carnegie's home, which had grown into classics in his maturity. He played an old Scotch ballad and touched the ironmaster's heart. His music seemed to hold his steel knowledge and invited in Mr. Carnegie's regard.

That was the banner day in Schwab's life. It opened the great field which he was destined to cover. From that day Mr. Carnegie never lost sight of him, and Schwab's ability enabled him to find credit every project assigned to him. Schwab became engineer and then superintendent.

When he was hardly out of his teens Schwab rebuilt the Homestead mills. He was thirty years old when Captain Jones was killed, and he became general superintendent of the Edgar-Thompson works, at a salary of \$5,000 a year.

It may be said that Schwab's music inspired Mr. Carnegie's philanthropy, the direction of church organs. He played an organ which Mr. Carnegie had installed in his home. He was a fine performer. At the Franciscan school where he had received his musical education he had spent many hours at the organ. The music he produced in Mr. Carnegie's home was different from any the steelmaster had ever heard. The result was accomplished by the combination of a good instrument and a good performer.

On the subject of religion Mr. Carnegie has always been discreet about expressing a public opinion, but years ago he is said to have remarked that good music "would soothe the soul of any human creature."

## TATTOOED SKIN KEY TO TREASURE

Map Taken from Dead Man's Back May Locate Lost Indian Silver in Vermont.

### NEW SEARCH FOR THE INGOTS

Herbert Coventry, English Solicitor, Expects to Find Secret Vault in the Green Mountains.

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., Saturday.—Herbert Coventry, who says he comes from London, England, and is a solicitor, arrived in this town on his way to Bristol, whether he was in search of the treasure house of the Algonquian Indians, which, according to tradition, is located in hidden caves in the side of South Mountain.

Like most of his predecessors, Coventry has a map which he is sure will guide him to the piles of silver ingots supposed to have been originally discovered by one De Graaf, a Spaniard, nearly two hundred years ago. And a gruesome affair this map is, for the outline and locations are all tattooed on human skin. It was this map that first called attention to the hunter.

Coventry said that several years ago he met in the London slums a Spaniard suffering from an incurable disease. He saw to it that he was properly cared for in a public hospital. The man said that his family had formerly been wealthy, and he intended to go to America he would soon recoup his fortunes.

Told of the Treasure. One day Coventry was summoned to the hospital, as his friend was dying. The man asked the surgeon to withdraw and then said:

"There are enough silver ingots in a hidden chamber in the side of an American mountain to make a dozen millionaires fabulously rich. I am a descendant of Robert de Graaf, who two hundred years ago discovered the treasure house of the Algonquian Indians, near Bristol, Vt. The tribe was fleeing from the Iroquois. Attempting to save his own life and that of his son, my ancestor stumbled upon the treasure in a secret cavern. Part he took to Spain, where he became immensely wealthy and a power in the kingdom. He intended to take the rest, and started for America, carrying with him a map of the place."

"On the way over he was taken ill, died and was buried at sea. The map fell into the hands of the first mate, and he took up the search. He found the spot on the mountain, but a landslide had obliterated the mouth of the cave and he was never able to locate the treasure."

The mate eventually died, and the map passed through several hands. It came to me in a most peculiar way. About ten years ago, while cruising off the coast of India, I befriended an old sailor. He gave me the map, which I immediately recognized as the one drawn on sheepskin by my ancestor. He said he got it from a sailor.

"The parchment was badly worn and so I colored that the drawings were almost obliterated. I suggested that a copy could be made on paper, whereupon the sailor declared that he knew of a scheme whereby the map could be copied without being lost."

Tattooed on His Back. Coventry said that the man pulled up his shirt, rolled over on his chest, and there, between the shoulders, was the map tattooed in the skin.

"When Mr. Schwab was elected president of the Carnegie Steel Company, he purchased the Vandergrift home, one of the handsomest residences in the city. Captain Vandergrift had spent a fortune on the decorations alone and they were being replaced. Those of the artistic set who got a glimpse of the new decorations described the act as sacrilegious. When Mr. Schwab heard this he said: 'It is all a matter of taste.'"

DOG THAT POINTS BASS. Indiana Canine Is Credited with Remarkable Power to Tell Location of Fish.

CHANDLERVILLE, Ind., Saturday.—"Jack" Rowe possesses perhaps the only fishing dog in the world. Not long ago a party, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, were at supper near the big dam on the river, when the dog pointed some bass that were in a little pool near the camp. The canine could not be coaxed away and held the point for some time, although tempted with many delicacies. Mr. Rowe thinks he can train the dog to aid him in his fishing excursions.

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